

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 22, No. 29.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia January 28, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

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**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist,  
MONTEERY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

**DR. ERNEST B. HILL,**  
DENTIST,  
Marlinton and Academy, W. Va.  
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Dentistry practiced in all its bran-  
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All calls by phone and mail  
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**West Virginia Citizens Trust and**  
**Guarantee Company**

This company will furnish bonds  
of all county, state and municipal  
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as  
administrators, guardians, etc.;  
junction bonds; bank officials,  
merchants, indemnifying bonds, in  
court bonds of all kinds; attach-  
ment bonds, etc., etc.  
T. S. McNEEL,

## THE CAMPAIGN BEGINS.

Both Committees Meet at Court  
House Saturday.

A Large Number of County Men in  
Town on That Day.

The campaign was formally  
opened last Saturday. The exe-  
cutive committee of both parties  
met and started the ball rolling.  
In the court house at the end of  
the corridor standing opposite to  
each other are two law offices oc-  
cupied by lawyers of the same  
name but who spell their names  
differently. In the office of the  
lawyer who spells his name with  
an "ei" the Republican party  
held a caucus and across the hall  
in the office of the man who spells  
his name with a double "ee" the  
Democrats in their poor weak  
way transacted the committee busi-  
ness without a cross word.

Over the way the stentorian  
tones of an orator demanded to  
know what had become of that  
campaign fund, and where were  
the vouchers.

The Democrats decided to nomi-  
nate county officers by means of  
a primary election, the time for  
the holding of which and the rules  
governing the same are to be de-  
termined at the next meeting of  
the committee to be held at the  
next meeting of the committee to  
be held at the office of the chair-  
man on the first day of the March  
Term of the County Court.

A mass convention was called  
to meet at the court house on the  
first day of the April term to se-  
lect delegates to the convention to  
select delegates to St. Louis and  
to the Judicial Conventions, as  
these conventions will probably  
meet before June Court when we  
generally select delegates.

A member of the Judicial Com-  
mittee was chosen for this county  
there being a vacancy in the com-  
mittee, and no committeemen  
from this county.

On the Republican side of the  
hall as far as we have learned  
the work was confined to the re-  
organization of the committee,  
Beverly Waugh being elected  
chairman in place of Hon. N. C.  
McNeil who has filled that place  
for the last ten years. Circum-  
stances were such that it did not  
suit Mr. McNeil to continue in  
the office and Mr. Waugh was  
chosen in his stead.

From the numbers and the en-  
thusiasm evinced by the Re-  
publicans last Saturday we are  
going to have a stirring campaign  
in this county. The result will  
be, we have reason to hope, that  
every Democrat will be stirred to  
such an extent that all the Demo-  
crats will come to the polls.

We have watched the turnout  
of voters on election days in this  
county for many years. We have  
never been afraid of but one  
thing and that was the still hunt.  
The Democrats would hear nothing  
of any county opposition but on  
the day of election not a member  
of the Republican party would  
stay at home while many Demo-  
crats did not think it worth while  
to come to the polls. If however  
we receive full notice that every  
one will be needed on election  
day we are very apt to be there.  
No matter who wakes us up,  
just so we awaken in time.

The campaign being now open  
we trust that the contest between  
the two parties may be character-  
ized by the friendly good natured  
feeling that has been preserved  
for so many years, for politics is  
more a thing to laugh over than  
to fall out about. We will line  
up next November and count  
noses and the party which wins  
will have the opportunity of fill-  
ing the county offices, get its glut  
of glory, and serve the ungrate-  
ful public on about half pay.

Democratic Executive Committee.

The Democratic Executive  
Committee is called to meet at the  
office of the Chairman on Satur-  
day, January 28, 1904, at 1  
o'clock p. m.

T. S. McNEEL,  
Chairman.

## Harter.

The thermometer registered zero  
Tuesday morning, which we think  
was the coldest we have had this  
season.

Albert Hamilton, from Lexing-  
ton, Va., stayed with us Wednes-  
day night.

Rooker, the fireman, was out  
walking with the ladies of the  
town, he had forgotten to change  
his hat and gloves which made a  
bad appearance.

The rain on Thursday and Fri-  
day broke the immense ice crop,  
which is claimed to be the largest  
ice flood for many years, the ice  
being from 14 to 24 inches thick  
ann has done some damage here.  
The ice had gorged at the railroad  
bridge above our place about 2  
of a mile for 40 minutes and it  
breaking caused it to take on  
three spans of the Harter Bros.  
bridge out of the six, every effort  
was made to save it, a large quan-  
tity of dynamite was used, but it  
did no good, as the ice was too  
heavy. It was quite a shock for  
the Harter Bros. men that the  
large mill was shut down on Sat-  
urday and the log train was not  
out, which was the first time since  
October, except one or two holi-  
days. Orders were given on Sat-  
urday by the Harter Bros., that  
the mill would start on Monday  
morning and a boom would be  
placed over the river and will saw  
out of the river until the bridge is  
repaired.

W. H. Fultz from Pa. the boss  
ratchet setter came in on Wed-  
nesday evening and is back to his  
old job.

Mr. Watson salesman for the  
Valley Grocery Co., Belington,  
W. Va. was in town between  
trains.

R. A. Harter, made a business  
trip to Marlinton, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Irvin spent  
Saturday evening in town with  
friends.

Report of the Mt. Pleasant School.

Report of Mt. Pleasant school  
for the three months beginning,  
Nov. 2nd, and closing the third  
month Jan. 22.

Number of pupils enrolled first  
month, boys 13, girls 9, total  
22. Daily average, boys 9, girls  
7, total 16, per cent daily attend-  
ance, boys 90, girls 99. Second  
month, number of pupils enrolled  
boys 17, girls 10, total 27, aver-  
age daily attendance, boys 14,  
girls 8, total 22, per cent daily  
attendance boys 94, girls 96.

The third month daily over age  
boys 13, girls 8, total 21, per  
cent daily attendance, boys 86  
girls 94.

The following pupils were  
neither absent nor tardy during  
the first month, Cecil Galford,  
Jonnie Weiford, Gracie Galford,  
Allie Weiford and Gertrude Weiford.  
The second month, Andrew  
Gay, Cecil Gay, Lee Gay, Fred  
Poage, Cecil Galford, Johnnie  
Weiford, Gracie Galford, Pearl  
Poage, Allie Weiford, Gertrude  
Weiford, Gracie and Ethel Waugh.  
Third month, Cecil Galford,  
Grover Waugh, Cecil Gay, Henry  
Shearer, Jonnie Weiford, Gracie  
Galford, Ethel Waugh, and Ger-  
trude Weiford.

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Grover Waugh, Cecil Gay, Henry  
Shearer, Jonnie Weiford, Gracie  
Galford, Ethel Waugh, and Ger-  
trude Weiford.

Ballenger's Diary.

A gentleman holding a high po-  
sition in an important Historical  
Society, inquires of the writer the  
whereabouts of this Diary. The  
gentleman says "The tradition is  
a lone man from the east, built a  
hut on New River somewhere not  
far from Hinton, after his death a  
diary was found that he had kept  
during his hermitage. One of the  
items, mentions a high water  
mark which would indicate that  
where Charleston now stands the  
submergence would be as much as  
thirty feet."

The newspapers of the Green-  
brier Valley will please notice  
this inquiry and thus ascertain  
whether there is any truth in the  
tradition or not.

Marlinton, W. Va. W. T. P.

Timber For Sale.

Two hundred thousand feet,  
more or less on Red Lick moun-  
tain. Principally red and white  
oak. For particulars apply to  
H. W. Hinz,  
Quoto, W. Va.

## THE GREAT BREAK UP.

THE HEAVIEST ICE GORGES EVER IN GREENBRIER RIVER

Ice Breaks Up Last Friday Night—Some Blocks Thirty Inches Thick—A  
Sight Never to Be Forgotten.

Last Friday morning we had a  
big rain. The first rain to  
amount to anything which this  
country has experienced in  
months. The result was that it  
caused the June Flood. The  
June Flood was some seven  
months late but it came at length.  
As the oldest inhabitant used to  
say the Greenbrier always has a  
flood after the elders bloom—it  
may not come until November  
but it always comes.

This year it did not come until  
January 22nd. The night of the  
new moon in November the ther-  
mometer fell to 5 degrees above  
zero and the weather remained  
cold for just two moons. On  
the change of the moon in Janu-  
ary the weather got bitterly cold  
with clear skies and then a warm  
rain pattered down and we got  
ready for a break up.

The cold weather in November  
had caught the river at a very low  
stage of water and it had imme-  
diately frozen across. The river  
became a good high way from  
one end of the county to the  
other.

Last Friday the rain came  
down and the citizens of this  
town manifested the liveliest in-  
terest in the impending flood.  
The town lies on bottom land  
between the river and Knapps  
Creek and there are certain tra-  
ditions of ice gorges becoming de-  
railed, leaving the track, and  
piling out into the bottom. On  
one occasion a hay stack was cov-  
ered up and on another a large  
dock of sheep was destroyed.

Now houses have replaced the  
hay stacks and people live in the  
bottom lands instead of sheep.

The break ups in these streams  
are always notable events but  
generally the ice is some seven or  
eight inches thick. Now some of  
it measured thirty inches and  
there was no way to judge what  
the effect would be with so much  
more ice to contend with.

The process of breaking up is  
accomplished by the water rising  
and causing the ice to float and  
crack. Then enough ice gathers  
at one place to cause the water  
to dam back. When weight  
enough has been gathered in the  
waters back of the ice, the gorge  
starts and suddenly crushes it way  
down the stream carrying every-  
thing before it. The water of the  
river is displaced and often  
overflows the banks. The ice  
gorge follows the channel accom-  
panying itself to the curves and  
may be ten miles long. It would  
be impossible to estimate the  
weight of such a moving body.  
The danger lies in such a tra-  
n meeting an obstacle that would  
cause it to crumple and overlap  
the confines of the channel. Then  
nothing can stand before it. A  
house would be crushed like an  
egg shell.

Stoney Creek was very high  
and broke up the ice below it.  
This ice stopped at the county  
bridge. Some enterprising citi-  
zens secured dynamite and ex-  
ploded some heavy charges  
below the gorge. The battle  
with the ice had begun. Soot  
fell in the chimneys, windows  
rattled, and headaches began.  
The gorge was loosed and passed  
down the river as a pilot for the  
big gorge that came some hours  
after.

The main gorge had gathered  
at the railroad bridge eight miles  
above town in the big bend that  
the tunnel was built to avoid.  
When this broke it carried with  
it two spans and two piers of the  
bridge of Harter Bros. lumber  
operators. It next took the  
bridge of the Marlinton Lumber  
Company.

The gorge reached this place at  
dark, and was about an hour pass-  
ing. It is estimated that it was a  
nearly solid body of ice ten feet  
thick, four hundred feet wide and

ten miles long. The grinding  
and crushing noise was terrifying.  
It carried an immense number of  
large trees which had been torn  
from their places by the unusual  
size of the gorge. As one watch-  
ed the moving mass the sounds  
of breaking trees could be heard  
above the roar. Those water  
birches which withstood the strain  
whipped the surface of the ice.  
Large trees were like blades of  
grass in such a press as that.  
The trunks of these trees which  
stood the shock are so scarred  
and denuded of the bark on the  
river side that it looks as though  
the trees would be killed.

Harter Bros. bridge was the  
best private bridge on Greenbrier  
river and had a good tramway  
across it. It was built last sum-  
mer and it is hard luck that the  
first winter after there should  
have been an ice gorge such has  
never been seen before in Green-  
brier River.

With the exception of damages  
done to bridges no loss was oc-  
casioned by the break up.

More was feared from Knapps  
Creek owing to the way in which  
it meanders through the town and  
from the lowness of its banks.  
Probably a hundred charges of  
dynamite were exploded to loosen  
the ice above the railway bridge  
but darkness prevented the com-  
pletion of the work. Early in  
the afternoon the ice for a mile  
up the creek broke up and stopped  
in the bend by the school house.  
This gorge was about a quarter of  
a mile long and was still there  
when the flood subsided. The  
water displaced and ran over the  
low land in that part of town and  
the water was watched all night  
by anxious house holders in that  
section. Practically none of the  
ice went out of Knapps Creek.  
It is piled in a series of gorges  
ten or twelve miles up stream.  
There is an element of danger in  
the ice as it lies in the creek, the  
fear being that the ice may jump  
the banks when it begins to move  
again and lodge against the  
houses. It is very common for  
the water to recede leaving these  
ice gorges. The gorges lie for  
months at times and even melt  
out in the spring. Generally  
they are moved by a succeeding  
and larger flood.

Numerous pieces of ice were  
measured and ranged from a foot  
to 31 inches in thickness. A  
piece of ice which floated out into  
Court Street from the Knapps  
Creek gorge measured 31 inches  
of solid ice. We claim to live in  
the south but we never dreamed  
of such ice before.

Marlinton is twelve years old  
and has never been endangered  
by the ice before. In February  
1893 a gorge caused some little  
uneasiness. A large ice moved  
slowly down the river before a  
small flood. The ice gave way  
opposite town with a report like  
that of a cannon. It stopped  
against the ice on the deep pool  
at Buckeye. The river channel  
packed full of ice for seven miles.  
There was very little water in the  
river, but all that there was, was  
displaced and flooded the town.  
The gorge remained stationary  
for eight or nine hours when with-  
out warning it began to move  
ponderously forward. The flood  
rushed back into the channel and  
in less than a minute the water  
was out of the town.

Miss Lanie Gillespie who re-  
cently closed a very successful  
term of school near Columbia  
Salpurch, Greenbrier Co., came to  
Pocahontas last week and is now  
teaching the Kerr school in Green  
Bank District.

NORMAN R. PRICE, M. D.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office in the Bank of Marlinton  
building.

## A NOTED VIRGINIAN.

GOVERNOR JOSEPH JOHNSON  
OF CLARKSBURG.

This Paper Follows "Guerrilla War  
fare," of Last Week.

As the reader may remember,  
that while I was at the point of  
starting from Mr. Deviers for the  
Camp on the east side of Shen-  
andoah mountain, April, 13, 1862,  
a colored boy came along. When  
he saw I was making poor speed  
on my three footed horse, he read-  
ily consented to my riding his  
horse since I was to pass right by  
the place where his "old master,"  
Gov. Joseph Johnson, was refugeeing.  
I had him ride behind me, and  
left Harry Lightfoot, to run his  
chances. My aim was to strike  
a bypath and be at the caval-  
ry camp before the Federals  
could possibly reach there and  
give the information I had just  
received as to their movements.

While riding along the little  
chocolate complexioned boy was  
quite talkative. What he said  
was to the effect that he had  
heard of the Yankees being at  
McDowell, and he was afraid  
they might take his old master  
away with them, if they ever  
should find out where he was; old  
master had been running away  
from them most a year, and lived  
all winter in a log cabin in the  
woods, near a road where nobody  
hardly ever went over. "How  
old are you my boy?" I shall be  
six years old next July." "How  
do you like to live up in these  
mountains?" "O very well I like  
to live anywhere old master and  
mammy does." "What did you  
and your mammy leave Clark-  
sburg for?" "Why to get away  
from the Yankees and me and  
mammy are going to try to get  
away from 'em, till they git us  
penned up and then I reckon  
they'll have to get us when we  
can't help ourselves." "So you  
think the Yankees will try to  
take our men on Shaw's Fork  
to-night?" "I don't know sah,  
the Yankees is such devils that  
there is no telling what they'll do.  
Old master and mammy thought  
they would never come to Mc-  
Dowell but they have come and  
I do believe they are going to  
git us penned up. If they go to  
Shaw's Ridge as you say, and we  
stay here, they will have us cer-  
tain." By this time I reached  
the log hut occupied by the ven-  
erable Ex-Governor of Virginia.  
He was standing just outside  
the rude door, anxiously await-  
ing the return of the boy. The scene  
is indelibly impressed upon my  
imagination and was one worthy  
of the most artistic pencil, shortly  
after the war closed a correspon-  
dent of the Religious Herald,  
visited him at his home at Bridge-  
port, Harrison Co. W. Va. and  
wrote what I will insert just here.  
The correspondent writes in this  
strain. "In all my travels in  
both hemispheres. I have sel-  
dom met a person so easy in all  
his manners as Governor John-  
son." He served fourteen sessions  
in Congress, was elected Governor  
of Virginia the first one by the  
people, besides being five times  
elected to the Legislature and  
once to a constitutional conven-  
tion. He is emphatically the  
last of a past generation. He  
was in Congress with Clay, Web-  
ster, Calhoun, Hayne, Silas  
Wright, Martin Van Buren,  
Thomas H. Benton and that class  
of men who are now all gone. It  
was pleasing to hear him delineate  
the characters of each of these  
great men, who performed so  
important a part in their day.

"Born in 1783, Gov. Johnson  
is older than the Constitution of  
the United States, has lived to  
see twenty-four states added to  
the glorious thirteen and the popu-  
lation increased from four to  
forty millions. He remembers  
when the country mourned the  
death of Washington and has  
been personally acquainted with  
the Presidents from Jefferson to  
Buchanan. In all his long and  
eventful life there has never on  
where he knew Gen. Johnston

rested a stain upon his public and  
private character."

Such was the illustrious man I  
saw under these strangely weird  
circumstances that Sabbath eve-  
ning in April 1862 in his 78th  
year. What was quoted from  
the Religious Herald was written  
about him in his 89th year.

With all possible respect I met  
him and hurriedly endeavored to  
whisper to him my business and  
an explanation of my conduct in  
using his as I was. I found him  
so hard of hearing however that  
I had to speak quite loud and  
could have been overheard by  
others a considerable distance.

Needing his horse to make his  
own escape upon he could not  
lend me longer than time enough  
to crop the Cow Pasture river near  
the Forks. The colored boy went  
along as he had been riding be-  
hind me to bring the Governor's  
horse back. Soon after starting  
the boy on his return I was so for-  
tunate as to meet a nice young  
secession lady, Miss Cordelia  
Morton whose brother died at the  
battle of McDowell a few weeks  
afterwards and she lent me her  
beautiful horse. Thus with but  
little delay I hastened on at good  
speed through mud swelling  
waters and rain. Upon reaching  
the cavalry encampment just at  
dusk I found all in comfortable  
unconsciousness of the approach-  
ing federals being any nearer  
than Monterey. The troopers were  
busily engaged in preparing sup-  
per and grooming their horses,  
while a group of mischievous fel-  
lows passed, pretended to be  
guards and ordered me to halt,  
enjoyed themselves at my ex-  
pense and detained me for a  
moment. I soon found out that  
I was sold and pressed on to the  
Captain's quarters. I communi-  
cated to him as privately as I  
could the information I had  
brought, so as not cause a panic  
in camp. A courier was sent  
immediately to Gen. Edward  
Johnston, east of the mountain.

I had not intended to go far-  
ther but some of the officers ad-  
vised me to go in person before  
the General. After feeding and  
resting my jaded horse and hav-  
ing eaten a very nice camp supper  
in the Captain's tent to whom I  
first communicated my message  
I set out in a leisurely manner  
across the mountain. It was now  
becoming quite dark and I was  
annoyed with the fear that the  
clatter of my horse's feet might  
prevent me from hearing the  
sentinel's challenge, but a bright  
fire near the post rendered my  
fears unfounded. Upon reaching  
the outposts of the encampment  
on the mountain top I found  
troops in motion called out to  
reinforce the pickets. The Gen-  
eral had received the dispatch and  
was promptly taking precautionary  
measures. The scene that opened  
up was deeply impressive, hun-  
dreds of camp fires were blazing  
brightly on the mountain slopes  
revealing the white tents and the  
forms of soldiers passing and re-  
passing. Above the hum of  
words and the crackling of the  
flames, were heard the strains of  
sacred song rising from a tent far  
below me near the centre of the  
first infantry encampment. The  
chorus was all that I could make  
out and my emotions were thrilled  
as I caught these words from  
time to time, borne upwards that  
Sabbath evening in earnest manly  
voices.

"Remember me, remember me,  
O Lord, remember me."  
Not far from the foot of the  
mountain I met the Rev. John  
Miller who had charge of the  
Artillery and was on his way to  
his battery at the summit of the  
mountain.

In some respects this artillery  
officer is one of the most interest-  
ing and unique characters I ever  
met with, were his biography  
written out just as he lived,  
thought wrote and talked it would  
make a story more romantic than  
conventional romance could pos-  
sibly make it.

The Captain offered to return  
to with me to the General's quarters  
Buchanan. In all his long and  
eventful life there has never on  
where he knew Gen. Johnston

would be glad to have me come.  
I was more than glad to accept  
the Captains proposal. We soon  
came to Mason's shanties built  
by Stonewall's famous engineer  
and found the General in a com-  
fortable log cabin with his aid,  
examining a map. He had about  
completed his arrangements but  
received me very politely in his  
way of doing things. I could  
perceive however from the way  
he worked his ears, and the diffi-  
culty he had in suppressing profane  
expletives that he believed the  
whole affair was much a do about  
a very little if not nothing in  
reality. He had me repeat what  
I had come to tell him which I  
did quickly and quietly as I could.  
There was nothing but what he  
already learned from the dispatch  
sent him from the cavalry camp.  
So it turned out that before I saw  
him, everything was so arranged  
as to prevent surprise and yet  
most of the troops were permitted  
to remain in shelter. This show-  
ed that the General had a heart  
to feel for the comfort of his men.  
He loved his boys dearly though  
at times he would outlander  
Flanders swearing at them.

Capt. Miller made my return  
very interesting and pleasant un-  
til we parted at his battery on the  
summit. Upon separating Capt.  
Miller observed "here is where I  
turn off and must leave you, as  
as you insist upon going on, good  
night to you, and a safe journey  
back." It was now about ten  
o'clock profound stillness prevail-  
ed over the different encampments,  
the fires did not blaze so brightly  
as two hours before. By pressing  
on in the silent darkness of the  
western slopes of the mountain, I  
soon came to the last outpost. I  
was challenged but my horse be-  
ing hard on the bit and going to-  
wards home too would not stop  
when I tried to check him. The  
sentinel again challenged me  
raised and cocked his musket  
when by an extraordinary effort  
I checked the horse before the  
figgers were pulled as they would  
have been in another instant.

Having read my permit the  
sentinel allowed me to pass out.  
I was now very weary and con-  
cluded to call for the night at a  
nice but humble home not far  
below the Parkersburg road where  
it enters the Shaw's Fork Valley.

After I had called a few times  
at my lodest, the man of the  
house, Mr. Jonas Chew, whose  
only son at the time was a prison-  
er of war at camp chose, Ohio,  
came to an upper window and  
gave me leave to come in for the  
night. After I had groomed my  
tired horse, I returned to the  
house where I found a very nice  
fire in full blaze which Mr. Chew  
had kindled while I was attending  
to the horse. About midnight I  
fell sweetly asleep, somehow feel-  
ing very secure in the care of my  
Heavenly Father who cares for  
the sparrows though I may not be  
of the value of many sparrows.

While on that humble couch so  
weary as I was at that midnight  
hour, rarely have I ever appreciate  
more intensely the beauty and  
reality of what Night thinkers say  
about sleep.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer  
Palmy sleep;  
He like the world his ready visit  
pays,  
Where furtive smiles, the wretch-  
ed he forsakes,  
Swift on his downy pinions flies  
from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with  
a tear. W. T. P.

## NOTICE

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